

The Printer's Epitaph.

Here lies his form in pi,
Beneath this bark with briars overgrown;
How many cases, far unworthier lie
Neath some imposing stone!

No column points our loss—
No sculptured epos his history declare;
Although he lived a follower of the cross,
A member of the bar.

The golden rule he prized,
And left it as a token of his love;
And all his deeds corrected and revised,
Are registered above.

The copy of his wrongs—
The proofs of his piety—are there;
And the fair title which to truth belongs,
Will prove his title fair.

Though now in death's embrace
A mouldering heap our luckless brother lies,
He'll reappear on Gabriel's royal chase,
And frisk it to the skies.

Miscellaneous.

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

THE LAST OF MIKE FINK.

Fink it appears, in 1822, entered the service of the Mountain Fur Company, under the late Gen. W. H. Ashley, of St. Louis and went to the fort at the mouth of the Yellow Stone River where the occurrence narrated by the Reveille, took place. The whole story is so interesting that we give it without abridgement: Mike, with many generous qualities, was always a reckless dare-devil; but at this time advancing in years and decayed in influence, above all became a victim of whiskey; he was morose and desperate in the extreme. There was a government regulation which forbade the free use of alcohol at the trading posts on the Missouri river, and this was a continual source of quarrel between the men and the commandant, Major Henry, on the part of Fink, particularly. One of his freaks was to march with his rifle into the fort, and demand a supply of spirit. Argument was fruitless, force not to be thought of, and when, on being positively denied, Mike drew up his rifle and sent a ball through the east, deliberately walked up and filled his can, while his particular "boys" followed his example; all that could be done was to look up on the matter as one of his "queer ways," and that was the end of it. This state of things continued for some time, Mike's temper and excursions growing more unbearable every day, until finally, a split took place, not only between himself and the commandant, but many others in the fort, and the unruly boatman swore he would not live among them. Followed only by a youth named Carpenter, whom he had brought up, and for whom he felt a rude but strong attachment, he prepared a sort of cave in the river's bank, furnished it with a supply of whiskey, and with his companion, turned in to pass the winter, which was then closing upon them. In this place he buried himself, sometimes unseen for weeks his protegee providing what was necessary beyond the whiskey. At length attempts were used on the part of those in the fort, to withdraw Carpenter from Fink; foul insinuations were made as to the nature of their connection; the youth was twitted with being a mere slave, &c., all of which (Fink heard of it in spite of his retirement) served to breed discord between the two, and though they did not separate, much of their daily ceased. The winter wore away in this sullen state of torpor, and came with its reviving influences, and to celebrate the season, a supply of alcohol was produced, and a number of his acquaintances from the fort coming to rouse out Mike, a desperate "frolic" of course ensued. There were river yarns, and boatman songs, and "nigger breakdown," interspersed with wrestling matches, jumping, laugh and yell, the can circulating freely, until Mike became somewhat mollified.

"I tell you what it is boys," he cried, the fort's a shunk-hole, and I'd rather live with the bars than stay in it. Some one ye's bin trying to part me and my boy, that I love like my own cub—but no matter. May be he's pined against me; but, Carpenter, (striking the youth heavily on the shoulder,) I took you by the hand when it had forgotten the touch of a father's or mother's—you know me to be a man, and you aint a going to turn out a dog."

Whether it was that the youth fancied something insulting in the manner of the appeal, or not, we can't say; but it was not responded to very warmly, and a reproach followed from Mike. However, they drank together and the frolic went on, until Mike filling his can walked off some forty yards, placed it upon his head, and called to Carpenter to take his rifle.

This wild feat of shooting cans off

each other's head, was a favorite one with Mike; himself and boy generally winding up a herd frolic with this savage, but deeply meaning proof of continued confidence—as for risk, their eagle eyes and iron nerves defied the might of whiskey. After their recent alienation a doubly generous impulse, without doubt had induced Fink to propose and subject himself to the test.

Carpenter had been drinking wildly, and with a boisterous laugh snatched up his rifle. All present had seen the parties "shoot," and this desperate aim instead of alarming was merely made a matter of wild jest.

"Your grog is spilt, forever, Mike!" "Kill the old varmint, young 'un." "What'll his skin bring in St. Louis?"

Amid a loud laugh Carpenter raised his piece—even the jesters remarked that he was unsteady—"crack!"—the can fell, a loud shout, but instead of a smile of pleasure, a dark frown settled upon the face of Fink! He made no motion except to clutch his rifle as though he would have crushed it; and there he stood gazing at the youth strangely! Various shades of passion crossed his features—surprise, rage, suspicion—but at length they composed themselves into a sad expression; the ball had grazed the top of his head, cutting the scalp, and the thought of treachery had set his heart on fire.

There was a loud call upon Mike to know what he was waiting for, in which Carpenter joined, pointing to the can upon his head and bidding him fire, if he knew how!

"Carpenter, my son," said the boatman, "I taught you to shoot differently from the last shot! You've missed once but you won't again!"

He fired, and his ball crashing through the forehead of the youth, laid him a corpse amid his, as suddenly hushed companions. Time wore on—many at the fort spoke darkly of the deed—Mike Fink had never been known to miss his aim—he had grown afraid of Carpenter—he had murdered him! While this feeling was gathering against him, the unhappy boatman laid in his cave shunning both sympathy and sustenance. He spoke of none when he did come forth, was as a spectre, and only to haunt the grave of his "boy," or if he did break silence, 'twas to burst into a paroxysm of rage against the enemies who had "turned his boy's heart from him!"

At the fort was a man by the name of Talbot, the gunsmith of the station; he was very loud and bitter in his denunciations of the "murderer," as he called Fink, which finally reaching the ears of the latter, filled him with the most violent passion, and he swore that he would take the life of his defamer. This threat was almost forgotten, when one day Talbot, who was at work in his shop, saw Fink enter the fort, his first visit since the death of Carpenter. Fink approached; he was care-worn, sick and wasted; there was no anger in his bearing, but he carried his rifle, (had he ever gone without it!) and the gunsmith, was not a coolly brave man; moreover his life had been threatened.

"Fink," cried he, snatching up a pair of pistols from his bench, "don't approach me—if you do you're a dead man!"

"Talbot," said the boatman, in a sad voice, "you needn't be afraid;—you've done me wrong, I've come to talk to you about—Carpenter—my boy!"

He continued to advance, and the gunsmith again called to him.

"Fink! I know you—if you come three steps nearer, I'll fire by—!" Mike carried his rifle across his arm, and made no hostile demonstration, except in gradually getting nearer—if hostile his aim was.

"Talbot, you have accused me of murdering my boy, Carpenter, that I raised from a child—that I loved like a son, that I can't live without!—I'm not mad with you now, but you must let me show you that I couldn't do it—that I'd rather die than to have done it—that you've wronged me?"

By this time he was within a few steps of the door, and Talbot's agitation became extreme. Both pistols were pointed at Fink's breast, in expectation of a spring from the latter.

"By the Almighty above us, Fink, I'll fire—I don't want to speak to you now; don't put your foot on that step, don't."

Fink did put his foot on the step, and fell at the same moment, fell heavily within it; receiving the contents of both barrels into his breast! His last and only words were:

"I didn't mean to kill my boy!"

Poor Mike! we are satisfied with our senior's conviction that you did not mean to kill him.—Suspicion of treachery, doubtless, entered his mind, but cowardice never dwelt there.

A few weeks after this event, Tal-

bot himself perished in an attempt to cross the Missouri river in the skill.

Of the three candidates, now seeking to be Caliph of America, two are men of remarkable endowments, and the other is naturally popular in the Southern States. In the north where there are fewer people of color, the struggle will be a close one between Mr. Klai and Mr. Puck. But in the south, Mr. Birney, he being a black man, will, of course, carry every thing before him. If either of the former prevails, the friends of the latter will hang themselves to escape proscription. In case Mr. Birney should triumph, the friends of the former will be put to the sword. —From a Constantinople paper.

A. J. Donelson, Esq. Charge to Texas has returned home; he reached Nashville, Tenn., on the 12th inst.

The Parisian ladies have dropped that clerical protuberance so much in vogue of late years, leaving the full effect of their dresses to a voluminous and stiff skirt. A decided improvement.

In a crowd in Philadelphia, a gentleman accidentally trod on Ex-Gov. Porter's foot, and exclaimed, "I ask your pardon, sir." The Ex replied—"It cannot be granted, sir; I am no longer Governor!"—[Gazette.]

At a party recently given at Washington, one of the belles dropped an ornament. There was a tremendous bustle in the room, immediately after the catastrophe.—Gaz.

Fire.—The extensive white lead works at Belleville, New Jersey, were destroyed by fire on Monday, the 3d inst. Loss \$60,000; insurance \$40,000.

The Hon. William C. Dawson has been appointed, by the Governor of Georgia, Judge of the Ocmulgee Circuit, in that State, vice the Hon. F. H. Cone, resigned.

"Have you any onions?" said a gentleman the other day to a remarkably green looking sucker. "No, I baint," was the reply, and the gentleman passed on. The sucker after scratching his head for some time, exclaimed, "I wonder if the ternal fool didn't mean ingins?"

"My son, hold up your head and tell me who was the strongest man." "Jonah." Why so? "Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down." That's a man—you needn't study the catechism any more at present.

"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said a sceptic to a clergyman. "Why didn't you have some knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the caustic reply.

A little girl hearing her mother say she was in half mourning, asked if any of her relations were half dead.

Administrator's Sale of REAL ESTATE

BY ORDER of the County Court of Pike County, made at the February term 1845, the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Samuel Layson deceased, will offer for sale, at public auction, on a credit of 12 months before the Court House door, in the Town of Bowling-Green, on the third day of the ensuing term of the Circuit Court for said County, and during the session of said Court, the North East quarter of section 22, in Township 52, North of Range one East of the fifth principal meridian, containing 169 sixty-two hundredths acres more or less, belonging to the Estate of said deceased. The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security for the payment of the purchase money.

J. H. HUGHES, Adm'r.
W. W. WATTS, 4w3
February 15th, 1845.

LOUISIANA STEAM MILL.

Corn Ground at Four cents per Bushel! THE SUBSCRIBERS are now grinding Corn at four cents per Bushel, payable in Cash or Produce, at market price, or will exchange Corn meal for Corn, Bushel per Bushel.

G. W. JENKS & Co.
January 18th, 1845. 4w10.

BLAKSMITHING.

The subscriber would inform the public, that he has commenced the above business, in Bowling-Green, in the shop formerly occupied by Jas. Mcsley, where the farmers and others can at all times, have their work done on reasonable terms. All kinds of produce will be taken in payment for work, at fair prices.

H. N. WILBUR.
Bowling-Green, Jan. 11, 1845. 3m9

GEORGE W. BUCKNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOWLING GREEN, MO.

THE THOROUGH BRED JACK. Duncan.

HAVING purchased a large and thorough bred Jack for the purpose of improving the stock in this section of the State, breeders are respectfully requested to call and examine for themselves. He will stand the ensuing season at my farm, four miles south east of Bowling Green. For further particulars, see hand bills in due time.

February 15th, 1845. JOHN SOUTH.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CHEROKEE ADVOCATE.

THE CHEROKEE NATION, PROPRIETOR.—WILLIAM ROSS, EDITOR.

THE above is the title of a newspaper, published at TABLE QUAIL, Cherokee nation, the first number of which was issued about the middle of August last.

The object of the council of the nation, in providing for the publication of the Cherokee Advocate, is the physical, moral and intellectual improvement of the Cherokee people. It will be devoted to these ends, and to the defence of those rights recognized as belonging to them in treaties legally made, at different times with the United States, and of such measures as seem best calculated to secure their peace and happiness, promote their prosperity, and elevate their character as a distinct community.

In commencing and sustaining a public journal in the nation, its success must depend very much upon the kind feelings, liberality and patronage of the citizens of the United States. Among them we are assured there exists generally a desire that the Indians should be dealt with upon just and liberal principles, a lively sympathy in their cluquered career, and a deep interest in their character, condition and destiny. Ignorance of their condition, opinions, and claims, has been to them a fountain from which they have been forced to drink many bitter draughts.

From this cause, measures of policy in themselves unjust, and highly destructive to their peace and prospects, have been conceived and persisted in to their accomplishing, with singular pertinacity, by those from whom they have a right to expect and claim protection. It will therefore, be the aim of those having charge of the Advocate, to enlighten public sentiment, as far as possible, as to the feelings, wishes and proper expectations of the Cherokees.

And while it is intended to make the paper national in its one and character, abstaining from all partisanship in the internal politics of the nation, it will nevertheless be open to full but courteous discussions of any measures of policy on the part of the United States, which touch upon or effect the rights and interests, not only of the Cherokees, but also of their red brethren.

In making an appeal to the citizens of the United States for their friendly aid in the undertaking, we feel sanguine that it will not be in vain. The history of the Indian tribes, but most especially that of the Cherokees, is replete with incidents of once striking and commanding. The mystery that shrouds their origin, their former warlike character, their manly freedom, their firm adherence to their natural and political rights, their fond attachment to their homes,—the homes of their forefathers, their rude explosion from those homes, their sudden transition from savage to civilized life, their rapid improvement in education, agriculture and the domestic arts, their present condition, and the influence which, from their location, friendship and intercourse, they must and will exert over the great Indian population, extending north and south along the whole western borders of the United States, and back to the Rocky Mountains, cannot fail to kindle a lively interest in the breast of the philanthropist, awaken a general thirst for more familiarity with them, and arouse "their protectors" to the important, but often apparently forgotten fact, that they have no trifling duty to perform towards this people.

TERMS: The Cherokee Advocate will be printed on an imperial sheet, with new type, both English and Cherokee, once every week, at \$3 per annum, payable in advance. And to those subscribers, who read only the Cherokee language, at \$2 per annum, in advance.

Advertising will be done on the usual terms. Cherokee Nation, Sept., 1844. WILLIAM P. ROSS.

FOR SALE,

THREE Lots in Bowling Green, with comfortable buildings thereon, and several tracts of land near the town upon a credit of one and two years. For further information enquire at the Banner Office.

30th January, 1845. 1

Our New Volume. MOST MAGNIFICENT PREMIUMS!

Great Inducements to Clubs!

ON the 16th of March, 1844, commenced the Fourteenth Volume of his Universal Family Newspaper, "The Philadelphia Saturday Courier," the Proprietors of which, confidently relying upon the uprightness, judiciousness, and independence of its course, ever since it came into their possession, as ample guarantee for the future, offer for the present volume the following unequalled Premiums and inducements to Clubs.

To Postmasters, Agents, and others. PREMIUMS.

For one hundred new subscribers to the 14th volume, with the subscription price, (\$2 each) in advance, we will give as a Premium a complete copy of Audubon's Great Work—the Birds of America!! (Selling price, \$100.) Library Companies or Literary Societies, may easily obtain this great Premium for their Institutions.

For fifteen new names, with \$2 each, a copy of Harper's Magnificent Illustrated Pictorial Bible, with sixteen hundred engravings!

For ten new names, with \$2 each, a copy of the Encyclopedia of Geography, an invaluable work of 1300 pages.

For eight new names, and \$2 each, a copy of Thiers' Great History of the French Revolution, or Scott's Novels, entire.

For Fifteen Dollars, ten copies of the Courier will be sent one year, and a copy of The Farmers Encyclopedia, with 1100 pages of invaluable knowledge for Farmers, innumerable explanatory cuts, &c., or a copy of Sparks' Life of Washington, with 14 plates.

All these works are in a form to send by mail. Postmasters are allowed by law to frank orders and money for newspapers.

CLUBS AND CLUBBING. For the purpose of facilitating the formation of Clubs, of new and old subscribers, now in arrears, we offer the following:

EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS. Three copies of the Saturday Courier 1 year, or one copy for three years, 10

7 copies of the Saturday Courier, 10

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Two copies of the Saturday Courier 1 year, & one copy of Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's, the Ladies' National Magazine, or the Lady's Magazine, (late Miss Leslie's) 5

Five copies of the Saturday Courier, and 2 copies of Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's or either of the other Magazines, 10

Five copies of the Saturday Courier, one copy of Godey's Lady's Book or Graham's Magazine, and one of either of the other Magazines, 10

Five copies of the Saturday Courier, and one copy of Frost's new Pictorial History of America, a \$5 book, 10

In fact, whatever offer is made, by any other Family Journal, at all approaching in worth, beauty, or pretensions, to the Saturday Courier, will be furnished by us.

A. M. MAKIN & E. HOLDEN, Publishers, No. 97, Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

The Climax of Cheapness! THE BOSTON NOTION OR UNIVERSAL FAMILY JOURNAL.

Only \$1 per year, WHEN TAKEN IN CLUBS OF TEN!

ON the first of January, 1844, the price of the Boston Notion was reduced to only One Dollar per annum, when taken in Clubs of Ten.—Four copies, \$5 per annum—1 copy \$2 per annum. The cash in all cases to accompany the order. This very great reduction from the former price of the Notion makes it emphatically the cheapest paper published in the world! Its Mammoth Dimensions taken into consideration renders it one hundred per cent. cheaper than its contemporaries, the New World and Brother Johnathan, and fifty per cent. cheaper than any of the Dollar Weekly! Nothing but an extraordinary large edition—say 20 to 30,000—warrants this extraordinary cheapness.

The Notion is printed on extra fine paper, and in superior style, and contains the same wide range of literary novelties and general news as heretofore. Novels, Tales, Romances, Scientific and Religious matter—Agriculture, Oddities and Fun for the Million—Splendid Illustrations engraved expressly for the paper—Congressional Reports and the General News of the Day—continues to form the general weekly ingredients of its columns. There is each week something in it to suit every taste; and nothing of an objectionable character will ever be allowed to tarnish its columns. It is in all respects the

most valuable and unexceptionable Family Newspaper in the United States!!

The first number under this new arrangement was published on Saturday, Jan. 6, 1844, and in that number was commenced a Laughter moving Novel, being a humorous companion to Valentine Vox; which work alone rendered the Boston Notion when it was first established the most popular weekly in the United States. This new novel is entitled

SYLVESTER SOUND,

The Somnambulist.

By the author of "Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist." The chapters each week are embellished with a highly finished illustration representing the humorous scenes in the work. The author in his preface says:—"The character of the work will be essentially humorous; but as the thrilling as well as the laughter moving scenes a Somnambulist may create are innumerable, the object proposed is to excite alternately the deepest interest and the most joyous mirth, by the portrayal of the extraordinary positions in which a man who acts upon his dreams may be placed, and the highly ridiculous terror he may inspire." From the chapters we have published of this novel, we are satisfied it will be more popular than was "Valentine Vox." It is now in course of publication in London, and we have made arrangements to receive the different numbers in advance of all others, so the public may rest assured that we shall not be forestalled by any other paper in its publication.

Another new feature of the Notion is the publication occasionally of a number of humorous cuts after the style of the London Punch. These will all be engraved in the finest style, and will never be offensive in their character.

With these increased improvements and attractions, and the very great reduction in prices, being one-half, we again launch the Boston Notion upon the sea of Popular Favor, and feel assured it will quickly arrive at the harbor of Triumphant Success.

Orders should be addressed to the undersigned. Postmasters remitting us an order for Ten copies shall be entitled to an extra copy for their own use.

Back numbers of the Notion from the commencement of "Sylvester Sound," will be furnished to all new subscribers.

GEORGE ROBERTS, Publisher Boston Notion, No. 3 and 5, State St., Boston.

List of Letters,

REMAINING in the Post-office at Bowling Green, Mo., on the 31st day of December, 1844; which if not taken out within three months, will be sent to the General Post office as dead letters:

Eleanor Adams, John Cross, James W. Brown, Perry Curry, Dalton & Hare, Henderson Lawrence, Wm. T. Dunn, H. Early, Eliza Fields, N. J. Fullerton, John Givens, John Hawkins, Samuel Kirkham, J. Lator, John McCre, John McQuie, George Smith, Wm. W. Staley, Thos. Stubblefield, John Scott, Robert Wallace, Wash. Treadway, Sally Wilbarger, John C. Welborn, Henry Wootin.

H. G. EDWARDS, P. M.
January 4th, 1844. 3w8

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned has obtained of the Clerk of the County Court of Pike County, letters of Administration on the estate of Wm. H. Tinsley, dec'd, bearing date Nov. 28th, 1844, all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment. All persons having claims against said estate, are requested to exhibit them properly authenticated, within one year from the date of said letters or they may be precluded from having any benefit of said estate, and if not exhibited within three years, they will be forever barred.

CHARLES BACON, Adm'r.
December 14th, 1844. 3w—6

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned has obtained of the Clerk of the County Court of Montgomery Co., letters of Administration on the estate of Anthony T. Williams, dec'd., bearing date Nov. 1, 1844, all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment. All persons having claims against said estate, are requested to exhibit them properly authenticated, within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from having any benefit of said estate, and if not exhibited within three years, they will be forever barred.

THOS. J. WILLIAMS, Adm'r.
December 21, 1844. 3w7.

Spanish and Mele Segars, MANUFACTURED and constantly on hand and for sale at St. Louis prices, by J. Linder, Louisiana, Pike county, Mo.

December 14th, 1844. 6.